Rock You Like A Hurricane by BooksV.Cigarettes

Category: Stranger Things, 2016
Genre: Romance, Supernatural
Language: English
Characters: OC, Steve H.
Pairings: Steve H./OC
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2019-08-02 15:46:26
Updated: 2019-08-02 15:46:26
Packaged: 2019-12-12 16:55:42
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 2,426
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: She wasn't the kind of storm you run from. She was the kind you chase. Too bad she's here to screw up all of your lives for the fourth time in two years. Or, how Steve Harrington meets the girl who will probably destroy him and everything he has come to hold dear.

Rock You Like A Hurricane

Title: Rock You Like A Hurricane

Author: BooksVCigarettes

Disclaimer: I own nothing except the original characters.

Note: Title taken from the 1984 Scorpion song of the same name.

Chapter One

There is a patch on the ceiling directly above her head, a brown stain from the smoke of a thousand cigarettes. It is shaped like something. She lies there trying to figure out what - her very own low-rent version of cloud-gazing. Right now she is leaning toward an elephant, but it could just as easily be a windmill.

It is mid-September but still unbearably warm. Everything feels tired. Dogs lie on porches panting, flowers wilt in the shade. Even the ceiling fan is sluggish. She herself is too exhausted even to swipe at the sweat on her top lip. Miss Vivian's voice rises unbidden in her consciousness: *Ladies do not perspire. They glow.*

Through the open window come the shouts and giggles of the redheaded kids from the family three rooms over as they play in a motel pool that has definitely seen its share of prom vomit. She knows it's them because every so often, she can hear the mom opening their door to scream at them to keep it down which must be a nice break from screaming at her deadbeat husband which is what she is spending the rest of the time doing.

She narrows her eyes a fraction at the stain above her. Maybe it's a guitar. Maybe the long part that she had thought was a straightened elephant's trunk or the arm of a windmill is actually the neck of an electric guitar. She remembers her Walkman, stuffed down at the bottom of her backpack so that it made it past the guardians when she left. She wants to reach for it, to dig it out and use it to replace the cacophony of aggressive sounds currently assaulting her ears, but the backpack is on the opposite side of the room and Miss Vivian

gave her an extra-large dose before her departure, smiling her sickly sweet smile as she had depressed the plunger on the syringe a little too viciously: *Can't have you gettin' any silly ideas now, can we?*

Silly ideas. The nerve of the woman. Doesn't she know that this is the least likely time anybody with half a brain would pull a crazy stunt and jeopardize everything she has worked so hard for?

It had taken all of her strength to get herself onto the bus and find a seat. When she arrived at the motel after an hour's painfully slow walk from the bus station, she had slurred in the general direction of the sullen looking kid behind the check-in desk that she wanted to pay cash in advance for a room for two nights. Each word had taken a Herculean effort to wrap her lips around and as she had stumbled away, she'd heard him muttering something about 'fucking drunks'.

The fatigue isn't as intense as it was an hour ago though, and an hour ago it wasn't as intense as the hour before that. That means that the dose, although big, was pretty dilute. They must think she will need to be on her game for this one. Tomorrow morning she will feel nearly normal, but she won't be back to full strength for at least forty-eight hours, when (if everything goes according to plan) she is supposed to be on her way home.

Home. A word she simply uses for the place she sleeps the most often. The place where the walls are grey and the doors lock automatically at the same time each night and sometimes, if you're a good girl and do everything that is asked of you, they let you leave. They let you go back to your real home.

If you have a real home, that is.

It's rare, she knows, for someone to be let go. Nobody in the set before her had been allowed. Nobody in the set before that, either. But she'd heard the stories. The whispered rumours in the dormitory after lights out. Those rumours are the only things that have been keeping her going all these years.

There were so many variations on the theme. You had to be special. Your record had to be exemplary. You had to have a success rate of ninety-nine percent or higher. You had to be able to keep secrets.

So many secrets. And she had kept them all, gently tucking them away in her mind as you would a sleepy child into their bed. For she had learnt long ago that the best way to keep a secret is to let it rest quietly within you, rather than turning it over and over again in your mind, churning up the waters with it. You do not take secrets to the grave. You *become* the grave.

She shifts her head slightly and is barely able to muster a grimace at the dribble of sweat that trickles down her neck. Now the stain on the ceiling looks like an upturned table. The room is getting darker now; either night is coming or she is fading into the sleep she has spent all day fighting. The kids in the pool had been yelled at to come inside a while ago, so she can't really tell what time it is anymore. She knows that it will wear off a lot faster if she sleeps through it, she knows this. But she can't bear to go to the place it sends her. Can't bear the terror.

So she fights sleep with every ounce of strength she has left in her and even if it takes all night, she'll be free of it before it's free of her. She'll win, because she always wins.

Her record is the best in the set, her success rate the highest by far. She is the best worker - the fastest, the smartest *and* the strongest. She has excelled at every task that she has ever been given, and she has done so specifically in preparation for the day that she would be called to Miss Vivian's office and *he* would be there.

That day had been yesterday.

Her heart had skipped a beat when two of the guardians had entered the cafeteria. They had walked up and down the rows of tables for what seemed like an age before finally arriving at her seat. Her blood sang as she walked as sedately to the office as her excitement would allow, flanked on either side by the expressionless guardians. She had wanted so badly to sprint, to get there even just a few seconds faster. But it wouldn't do to ruin everything now with a reprimand for childish behaviour so she had kept a lid on her excitement. One of the guardians had opened the door to the office and gestures for her to enter. Stepping inside, she had nearly lost her composure once again when she saw him sitting at the desk.

Finally, *finally,* her moment had come.

His smile had been so charming, his words so proud. Behind him Miss Vivian had simpered, vicariously claiming some part in her charge's victory, quivering with delight at the thought that some of the credit was hers. His handshake had been warm and affectionate - he seemed to behave in a way that was almost fatherly toward her. She had given so much, he said, she had performed so well. He could not be more delighted to tell her that she had earnt her freedom.

On one condition.

She had been prepared for this. A final task to prove her worthiness. Anything, she had said. I'll do anything you ask of me, Dr Albright.

He had smiled. *That's my girl.*

The stain on the ceiling, she realises with a stunning moment of clarity, can be one thing and one thing only: a road. A long straight road and in the distance, a cloud of dust created by someone speeding away, never to be seen again. She has to really squint to provide the required perspective but now she's seen it, she can't imagine it being anything else.

She has to keep reminding herself that this is not a done deal, that she mustn't take it for granted. Just because she has yet to fail doesn't mean that she won't. There is a first time for everything, Miss Vivian says. Each time the thought that this final job is her ticket out threatens to bring a smile to her lips, she quashes it quickly, grinding it under the heel of her boot like a bug.

But still, she is unable to deny those few blissful seconds as the thought ascends in her consciousness, rising gracefully like a Chinese lantern into a cloudless night. In the last twenty-four hours, those seconds, those momentary lapses have become as dear to her as the air she breathes.

It is fully dark by the time she is strong enough to move again. Slowly, she rises to a sitting position, her legs dangling over the edge of the bed. She slides off her boots and socks and settles her feet back down on the cheap brown carpet. The fibres feel coarse and

threadbare against her bare skin.

Over in the corner, her backpack is exactly where she left it, laying on it's side on the ugly orange armchair. It takes her another twenty minutes to stand up and walk over to it. She feels as though she is moving underwater, her limbs co-operative but painfully slow. Catching the bag by one of it's straps, she allows it to fall onto the floor with a *thud* before dragging it back toward the bed again.

Miss Vivian as always, has given her two envelopes with the strict instruction that the first may be opened now, but the second may only be opened when she is alone and able to destroy the contents immediately.

The first envelope contains the name of a place and the money. Over the years, she has paid her way through the sleaziest of motels and eaten as little as possible in order to conserve funds so that when she gets out, she'll have some seed money. It isn't much, but enough to start a new life. She takes the wad of cash everywhere, rolled up in a sock and stuffed into one of the toes of her spare boots. She hasn't counted it in a long time, but she knows exactly how much it is to the dollar.

Idly, she shuffles through the backpack's contents until she comes across the piece of paper that she had pulled from the first envelope at the station so she had known which bus to get.

Hawkins, Indiana.

She had never heard of Hawkins before today. It has turned out to be one of those dusty, nothing towns that has only it's complete banality to boast about. As she had been schlepping around the town that afternoon looking for a place to stay, she had heard snatches of various conversations between the residents. Apparently, the new mall burned to the ground a month ago, taking various people with it including the chief of police. She is given to understand that this is the most exciting thing to happen since last year when a chemical leak forced the local research facility to shut up shop after a girl was poisoned.

Time to open the second envelope. She pulls it from the backpack

and lays it gingerly across her knee. It is bulkier than the first, but that's to be expected. Reaching into her pocket, she pulls out her lighter and flicks it on, ensuring that it still works. She knows that it will, but it has become her ritual to check. Only when she is satisfied that she has the ability to destroy the information inside the envelope does she permit herself to open it.

The first thing to fall out of the envelope is the pre-filled syringe. This is how she knows it is a retrieval mission and not an elimination directive. The syringe is filled with the same poison currently coursing through her own veins, designed to subdue the target, make them docile, more manageable. Easier to transport.

The photograph slides out of the envelope easily and she isn't sure whether it's the fact that the light has gone almost completely from the room or if she is seeing things but her target, her final job before she will be set free, looks like a girl barely older than thirteen with shoulder length brown hair and the kind of thousand yard stare you only see in Vietnam veterans.

The photograph is standard surveillance issue and in it, the girl is crossing the street with two other kids - boys - but it is clear she is the intended target. The boys faces' are visible, which may be helpful for locating purposes, but the focus is definitely on the girl. She is laughing, presumably at what one of them is saying, but there is a wariness to her expression that belies a personal relationship with trauma. She is holding hands with the dark-haired boy, the skinnier of the two. On the back of the photograph, only one word is written.

Eleven.

Despite her drugged state, she feels a shudder run through her exhausted body.

So the rumours are true. Whispers of two men who were brothers not in blood but in intellect, until the day their bond was shattered by differing ideologies when they each decided to forge their own paths, raise their own broods according to their own creeds.

A boy in the set before hers, Romeo, had insisted that he had hazy memories of a time when the brothers were coming to the end of

their relationship, that one had wanted to refrain from naming them. That it would breed familiarity and dependency when there should be only strength and obedience. They should be numbered. The other brother had refused, arguing that names gave an identity, a sense of purpose. That turning them cold was too dangerous, that they could not maintain control that way. Those arguments had only been the tip of the iceberg.

Nobody ever believed Romeo. He talked a lot of bull. He also used to say that Miss Vivian was a robot built to keep them all in check and give them a mother figure. They were crazy stories, and nobody had ever been able to prove them.

Until now.